THE CONNOISSEUR. BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

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Part I. When Mr. Tyndall Passy at last returned to England, most of the people who had once expected remarkable things of him seemed quite to have forgotten that there had ever been such a young man. He went about London for a couple of days, calling here and there at a house, only to find former acquaintances out of town or living elsewhere, and looking in at clubs where hall porters did not recognize the

names he pronounced. Even abroad, his habit had been to avoid large cities; this vast indifferent London became in those two days a horror to his nerves. Against the depressing background of its crowded loneliness unpleasant visions began to define themselves. He had in his pocket a little account book containing proofs that it was very nearly time for him to be thinking of earning money; and its columns of delicately inscribed figures. which at the outset had barely interested him, started up an evil trick of coming into the foreground of his thoughts and displaying themselves there with some devilish effect of phosphorescence.

At luncheon time on the third day it dawned upon him that the gloom of his mind had broken the heart of his appetite. He looked at the bill of fare handed him by the stranger who wore the livery of the Applied Arts Club, and after a minute's labored scrutiny lifted his head and glanced about him. A score of members at other tables were eating—undoubtedly eating as if they enjoyed themselves. The spectacle surprised him, because—he verified the im-pression by another look at the card—the viands set forth were nothing less than abhorrent: their very names revolted his senses. He tried to think of something not enumerated, some favored dish which might be prepared to his order; but all food revealed itself to his interrogation as an offense. A little shiver of vague alarm

caused him to push back his chair and half rise to his feet.

"I think—" he began, intent upon justifying himself to the waiter, and then stopped. A newcomer had moved toward the table, with the light of recognition on his face and the heginnings of a greature which face and the beginnings of a gesture which might mean a greeting. Passy intuitively completed his rising, and turned the words on his lips without a hitch to a new use. "I think this is my old friend, Laurence Mole," he said, with a strenuous geniality. They shook hands warmly, and Passy, who hated having his hand squeezed, for the once rather liked the effect of a powerful and energetic grasp. Even as he twisted and energetic grasp. Even as he twisted his cramped fingers about to get the blood back into them, he smiled gratefully into Mole's face. "My dear fellow, I can't tell you—" he started, and then let another smile, still more beaming, finish his sentence for him, as the other obeyed his mute invitation, and took the opposite chair. Really, it was amazing to think how glad be was to see Mole. The recollection that

he was to see Mole. The recollection that they had never been more than smokingroom acquaintances rose in his mind; he even recalled that he had rather shunned Mole as a commonplace and uninspired creature, in the old days—but none the less he welcomed him now as a brother. It re-quired an effort to keep utter silliness out of the grin with which he continued to re grad Mole's broad shoulders, and buoyant if upillumined countenance. It came to him that he had heard much of the money Mole got for his landscapes. His solvency was notorious among his fellow-artists, along with his supreme unwillingness to have it imposed upon. To look at him, he was more the strong stockbroker than the painter. His linen, his cheerful chuckle the fine, hard surface of his carefully shaven cheek and chin were badges of a philistine prosperity. It was not to be for-gotten, too, that Mole never talked shop: ere might meet him for years, and no gather that he knew the difference between cadmium and turpentine. Indeed, his great point was that he didn't talk at all. He proachable patience and show of interest and Passy felt suddenly that what he had

The tale spread for Mole's unflagging ears was a long and diffuse one. He ate as he listened, with a robust, matter-of-course zest which greatly strengthened Passy's confidence. A brain so nourished and but-tressed with extra helpings and duplicated portions must of necessity be serenely steadfast and sensible; the ideal brain for the adviser to an unemployed gentleman with nerves. Passy scarcely noted that he himself was now able to eat as well, and to drink freely of the old brown ale in cob-webbed bottles which Mole prescribed. He set forth his case with eagerness, enforcing its salient points with a veined and flexibly thin forefinger on the cloth.

Summarized. Passy's was the narrative of

a large self-satisfaction, insidiously under-mined and at last brought down in ruins by the burrowing of a group of ambitions at cross purposes with one another. There had been at the outset a notable talent—he thought of it now as a fatal talent—for appreciation. His passion for music an-swered across the deeps to his awed reverence for architecture. His intuitive feeling for the right thing in painting looked askance at his delicate perception of sculp ture's inmost significance. He command the languages of armor, of block printing, of tapestries and tooled bindings and carved oak; but when they spoke to him all at once the effect was confusion. The severe and complicated charms of heraldry beckored him one way: the looser blandish ments of mediaeval pottery appealed from another quarter. The Japanese thing had laid a lighter hand upon him than might have been predicted, but stained glass of the Burgundian period bore down heavily. and the earlier schools of miniature paint ing cried aloud to him. Treading roughly on the heels of these antique lures, and of-ten elbowing them aside, for that matter and thrusting itself to the fore, came that grossly up-to-date affair, amateur pho-tegraphy. Passy had moments of deep shame in its company-and yet-and yet might it not prove after all th eed? The others were admittedly fi-their fascination had been all ascertained and ticketed; the completed set of their tricks was to be found in catalogues. But who could tell what novel conquests the bromides and nitrates might not be re-serving for the real Prince Charming among connoisseurs?

"The upshot of it is, then," said Mole, at ist, "that between them all you don't last, "that between them all you don't know which to pick."
"Yes, that seems to be it," Passy admitted. They were in the members' smoking room now, and regarded each other from the depths of big easy chairs before the fire, what time they did not stare torpidly through their cigar haze at the coals and vacancy. "Yes, that is precisely it. I must find a profession among them somewhere. It need not be extremely lucrative; I look it for supplementary earnings, not for my whole income. It must be something that a gentleman can do; it should preferand a gentleman can do, it should prefer any be connected with the arts."

Mole nodded reflectively. He spoke slow ly, after a slience. "What you want, first of all, is a studio." Passy lifted his head. The dogmatism of

tene and remark impressed him, but he had misgivings. "Of course that would come in later," he assented; "but is it really the leading necessity? Ought I not first to settle what I am going to do in my studio, be fore I get it?"
"Not in the least. No mistake can be

enough that indecision mars your char You must do battle with it here and now if it is not to wreck your career. Say to yourself that you will immediately take a yourself that you will immediately take a studio—and upon the word go out and secure one. When once you are lodged in it, when once the fact of possessing it has entered into your being, then everything else will be comparatively simple. It really doesn't matter so much what you do in your studio, so far as that goes; the esyour studio, so far as that goes; the es-sential thing is to have one."
"It is a bold process," mused Passy. "It would not have occurred to me, but I think I grasp your thought. You feel that the

studio, so to speak, will make the selection for me; that when I have made a fitting home for the bride, as it were, then the one who should be chosen will be drawn toward it, and I shall know her, and go out to meet her."

"Or words to that effect," Mole assented.
"In short, once you have a studio, you will

"Or words to that effect," Mole assented.
"In short, once you have a studio, you will know how to live up to it. Without a studio—well, you behold yourself—anxious, frightened, disconsolate, pitching fruitlessly about like a cork in a millrace."

"Yes; I profess myself convinced," said Passy. "And, since you spoke of the want of indecision, I will plie deeds upon persuasion. Come with me now! I will not sleep until I have scoured the painters' quarters for a studio."

"Oh, it's only twenty minutes' walk," remarked Mole, lighting a second cigar. "Have another liqueur of brandy? You will be overpowered with delight at the place. If it had been planned and built for you by Providence it could not more ideally fit your wants. It will flood you with suggestions and inspirations. It will take charge of Destiny in your name."

Passy lifted his little glass toward his friend. "Your enthusiasm is contagious!"

friend. "Your enthusiasm is contagious!" he cried. "How wonderfully you have put heart in me! Doubts? I laugh in their face! Uncertainties? I set my foot on them! Come, let us get out! I am consumed with eagerness to begin. You spoke as if you had a place in mind-but there must be the condition that I enter at once."
"That is the beauty of it all," replied Mole. "I am leaving England, certainly for months, perhaps for years. I start for Malaga this very evening. There is no reason w.l.y, if you will it, you should not sleep in your studio tonight."
"Perhaps I do not completely follow you."

"Perhaps I do not completely follow you," said Passy, doubtfully. "The exact connec tion between—"
"Oh, to be sure, I hadn't mentioned it,"
broke in Mole, as he got to his feet. "It is my studio that you are to take off my

Darkness gathered in early upon the suc ceeding day—prematurely even for Novem-ber in London. Passy had never crowded much labor into a single day, and when at last the light faded away in the broad sliding sashes high overhead, he forebore to

use the gas, and called his work done, in a novel spirit of content. A boisterous fire of wood crackled and roared on the irons under the huge open fireplace and carved chimney front, which monopolized most of one side of his studio. The chimney was a bad new imitation of something that had never been worth copy ing, and its days were already numbered in Passy's mind, but for the moment he could almost forgive it, so invigorating and fine was the snapping blaze below. He drew up a big lounging chair, placed beside it a small table, with glasses and a bottle of sloe gin—the one native beverage in England which caught his present whim—lit a cigarette, and sat down to receive self-congratulations by his own hearthside, at his own pleased lelsure.

From the point of view of the rising wind outside it was an exposed glass structure, flimsily founded, and placed in an open angle nearest the bridge, where the full



Lit a Cigarette and Sat Down to R ceive Self-Congratulations.

sweep of the river blasts could enfold and grind and rattle it about to the heart's content. As the new owner saw and felt it from the inside, this very fact of its being the plaything of blasts lent a stimulating air of adventurous isolation to the place The engirdling wind, which shook it at the shutters, and tried the door; which whistled across the skylights up above, and dragged the flames upward from the hearth with the bellowing suction of a simoon, created for him a kind of island on which to live secure from observation and in-trusion. He sipped at his glass, and smiled affectionately upon the blazing logs, and stretched out his slippered feet toward

Presently he thought he would dress and drive to the club for dinner. The be-draggled file of incapable four-wheelers which usually vegetated on the incline leading to the bridge outside had evidently heen scattered by the tempest, but Charles would call a cab. Or no; upon re-flection Charles had taken a holiday to view the lord mayor's show, and would be seen no more till morning. However, sufficient unto the hour was the hansom thereof. Just now he would have thought for nothing but the luxury of having a

home and being in it.

Around three sides of the tall central Around three sides of the tall central space ran a gallery, to be reached by a flight of stairs at the rear, and up there partitions had been put in by Mole-or some urknown predecessor of his-to form a bed room and dressing chamber. All this upper part was wrapped now in Garkness, but during the day Passy had hung from the gallery rail some old was ness, but during the day Passy had nung from the gallery rail some old rugs, and breadths of embroidered altar vestments, and the reflected firelight upon these was delightful to the eye. The contents of the cases he had brought home in his modest way as a collector were all in evidence cuirasses, fans, swords, jars, reliquaries culrasses, lans, swords, jars, renquaries and the rest—upon the walls or in appro-priate corners. Mole, in his hurried de-parture, had left easels, and an infinity of artistic raw material-big, stretched can vases, portfolio, drawing books and blocks old frames, rejected beginnings of pictures and so on into the flat rubbish of a studio's litter. Beyond pushing it as far into the background as possible, and here and there picking out a bit for the walls, Passy had not dealt with this embarrassing legacy On the morrow he would go through it more attentively, and make a definite

the more attentively, and make a definite clearance of what was not wanted.

The lines upon which his wants would be likely to proceed were hardly clearer than they had been yesterday, but the fact no longer possessed any urgency. What was of much more value than his studio furniture and waste, Mole had left a cheerful and comprehensive impulse toward op-timism, which continued to warm and brighten the place. Oddly enough, Mole mentioned incidentally that he was leaving England because he was broken-hearted mentioned incidentally that he was leaving England because he was broken-hearted, or something like that; but if this were true, then he had a marvelous talent for keeping his emotions in separate bulkhead compartments, so to speak, for Passy had got nothing but high spirits and gay conditions from contact with him A casual got nothing but high spirits and gay confidence from contact with him. A casual suggestion from their talk had taken a certain root in Passy's mind. It had to do with the possibility of lectures on the arts in general, illustrated by lantern-slide views of objects, places, ateliers, and the like. Perhaps there was something in the idea, and Passy had gone so far as to extend the suggestion of the suggesti remaps there was something in the idea, and Passy had gone so far as to get out some hundreds of negative films, and assort them, and think of making prints from them, and think of making prints from them if there was ever any real daylight in London. But if that project came to naught, then some other would fructify. It was all right. He smiled again, and

It was all right. He smiled again, and rolled another cigarette.

A noise which had seemed to be a part of the wind's general racket repeated itself at the door, and caught his ear. Something like a hurricane was blowing outside, and there were streaming splashes of rain upon the glass now as well. The sound came again. It was hard to make sure whether it belonged to the storm's hubbub or not, but after a moment Passy's zeal as a new proprietor triumphed, and he went to the door.

It opened into a little passage, descending in three steps to the outer door which gave upon the street pavement. When he drew back the spring bolt of this latter a tremendous swoop of rain-laden wind on the instant flung him backward, while the door banged upon him. A figure of some sort was swept into the passage by the same vicient propulsion, and when he turned from finally mastering and securing the door it was to note that this somebody had ascended the steps and entered the studio.

The form of a small woman, wrapped to the eyes in a drerched cloak of some black stuff, stood between him and the fire. It appeared to be facing him; but it was motionless and silent. Some random, jocose remark of Mole's about models came at once to his mind; they could never quite believe, he had said, that a landscape painter would go on forever without needing them; they always came round, in the childlike faith that eventually he would think better of it.

A genial notion of holding professional converse with a real model took swift posession of his will. Dinner time was still a long way off. Ample space intervened for a pleasant little diversion. If he was not recognized, he would pretend to be Mole. "Won't you come to the fire?" he said, with an effort keeping the sprightliness down in his voice. "It is a dreadful might. You must be perishing with the wet and cold. Put aside your cloak, and take a mouthful of this sloe-gin. It is warming and—and—"

but with his eyes had followed the move-ments of his guest, as she glided toward the fire, and in its ruddy, moving light be-gan to disembarrass herself of her wrapprings. His tongue faltered and his speech broke off in sheer astonishment as he be-held what the final gesture revealed—a lady of noble distinction in apparel and carriage, and with a face of exceeding beauty and refinement of line.

She stood erect and quite at her ease, and he noted that she was not so small as be had thought. The hat she wore was so tiny and close-fitting that he looked twice



His Speech Broke Off in Sheer Astor ishment.

to make sure she was not bareheaded. She to make sure she was not bareheaded. She was of his generation, if anything, his jumior; in self-possession she could teach him lessons. He furtively withdrew his hand from the bottle, and bowed low toward the firelight which framed her in a ruby haze. "It is the merest accident that we are not acquainted"—she was speaking now in a curiously measured voice, the cadence and quaint suggestion of accept in which quaint suggestion of accent in which seemed somehow familiar to his ears—"but I have been much abroad, and now that I am here in this absurd London, an equal am nere in this absurd London, an equality absurd mischance sends me to be blown in the middle of your studio, without even so much as a letter of introduction about me. Yet I will not apologize for bursting in upon you thus unceremonlously, since I perceive that you have recovered from your

original distress of mind."

Passy had indeed regained his equanim ity. Moving forward to a point where the firelight helped him he made a discovery

firelight helped him he made a discovery as well.

'I hasten to share with you my relief," he answered, reflecting the tone of banter which lurked vaguely beneath the surface of her speech. "We are not such hopelessly complete strangers after all. Indeed, we have spoken at length together, have walked side by side, have even whispered to each other. Would you be surprised to learn that I possess a portrait of you—that I was examining it only this afternoon?"

The smile on his face was met now with turn stepped back and bent her head to get a better light upon Passy's counte-nance. 'Oh-h'" she said, wonderingly, after a moment's inspection, "was it you! At-what's the place—where every old rosebush is?—were you the one? Oh, yes, I recognize you now. How curiously small the world is!"

"It was much too large just then," he rejoined, courageously, "for I lost you almost immediately."

L'por reflection she did not resent the re-

mark, and even laughed a little-a restrained small laugh, with an afternote of in credulity. As if to soften the edge of this ne seated herself in the big chair and looked up at him. The warm light her throat and chin transferred itself in is mind's eye to a picture he was recon structing in thought

"For every memory you have of Hilde "For every memory you have of Hilde-sheim," he said, lingeringly, "I could pro-duce a hundred. You could not credit it if I told you—how it all engraved itself upon my brain—and I should haraly dare make the attempt "

make the attempt."

"Oh, you must not assume that I failed to appreciate Hildesheim—up to the limit, of course, of my primitive feminine capacity. At the time, indeed, I confess that I imagined myself more interested in the place than you were." place than you were."
"How easy it would be to explain that!"

Passy smiled down upon her and softened his voice. "I remember," he went, on, lifting a forefinger to plead against interruption, "it was in the front of old Bern-ward's iron doors—"
"Dear me, I thought they were brass."

"Brass, fron, tin—whatever you like, alked about them, learnedly, fluency enough at the time, as I remember it, but I was thinking of something else. There was where I first saw you, just by those doors, and the gentleman who headed your party made some remark to me, and that was my opportunity, and I seized it with both hands. I talked for dear life to keep my place in the company. I delivered a lecture under the candelabrum so long that I expected it would fall on us. I ba-rangued you and your friends on Byzan-tine art in the cathedral treasury; I re-viewed the whole literature of German market-place Rolands and the entire sysem of medieval guilds while we walke about in the square. We stood very close to each other when we were locking at the famous rose bush—and next year I went again and bribed the sacristan to give me a blossom, and I have it still—and do you remember the little church where vespers were being sung when we went in? And here I was even closer to you-it was i the dim light, and the air was full of in-cense—and we whispered together."

He finished in a murmur surcharged with invitation to sentiment, but she shook her head abruptly, as if conversing with herself, and gave a little laugh of plainly artificial hardness. "Dear me, this is very encouraging," she cried. "To think how extremely young I was only two years ago!"
She rose as the spoke, and looked hard at
the wet cloak, steaming where it hung over the corner of the screen. "Of course, I had an errand when I came ere," she said, almost brusquely, all at

once.
"I only know that you came—that is enough," he replied, holding at once defi-antly and pleadingly to the emotional murantly and pleadingly to the emotional mur-mur. "The brave, good, clement wind lifted you, and held you, and brought you here-and what an ingrate should I be to de-mand explanations! Hark, how it shouts and sings about us! I was in love with its voice an hour age, though I knew not a word of what it was saying—but now that I have caught its language—now—" He halted with a sigh, and looked at the gloved hand she had put upon the cloak.
"It is still very wet," he urged, vacucusly.

She laughed outright, and he could not

tell if amusement or petulant vexation was uppermost in the sound.
"So you are unable to interest yourself, then," she went on, coldly, and with avert-ed eyes, "in the question why I came here? It awake s no curiosity in your mind—this extraordinary appearance at your studio, unattended and in the dark, with a hurricane and sheets of rain outside, of a lady whose name you are ignorant of—"
"Oh, no; I learned your name. I found the hotel you had been stopping at," he interposed.
"Well, then," she continued, in the same

can send a telegram to meet him."

"And you"— she left the subject of Mole with a dawning smile—"I used to hear of you from the Cheshams—have you finally made up your mind to do something in particular? The good souls, they used to be greatly worried about your indefiniteness."

"Oh, Mole settled it all for me," he rejoined, cheerfully. "His advice was magnificent. He said I had only to get a studio, and the rest would come."

She took her cloak upon her arm. "Did She took her cloak upon her arm. "Did your kodak picture of me really come out well?" she asked, inconsequently—"and what was it you said?—or didn't you say?—what is it you have decided to do?"

"I have decided to ask if I may really come to dinner this avening, to meet May."

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seems not at all unusual-attracts not the her face away. Passy guessed from the line of the profile that she was biting her lip, and certainly he caught the nervous tan of a little sole on the hearthstone. "No, no," he entreated her. "Don't think any of these things. I am wholly in your hands. The surprise and joy of seeing you

-I truly hunted for weeks through German towns to trace you—you must have known I would—we lived a long, long time together in just those two hours or three-that is the way when two people rightly meet each other who-who comprehend other-and I know in my heart-" "I think it was not your heart that we ere speaking of," she interrupted him. Yet, in a sense, it is what—what is conventionally called-an affair of which brings me here. You can hardly be prepared for what I am going to tell you-but I am Mary's sister-her elder

Passy accepted the tidings with an unnoved face. "Yes?" he said, wonderingly.
"It is very simple," she went on, in a sharper voice. "I came to England three days ago, but three hours was enough to snow me that something was amiss with Mary. I won't say that she has been what be called expansively frank with me might be called expansively frank with me, but I know enough of how matters stand to feel warranted—that is, to have felt warranted, in interfering. The tiff between you was really all moonshine, and she knows it perfectly, and she is in a mood to knows it perfectly, and sne is in a mood to be reasonable, and so it was my idea to ask you to dine with me this evening—I have a flat in Victoria street—and she would be there—and—well, that's all."

Passy had been studying her face as she spoke, with strenuous intentness. His puzglement at the outset was obvious. now he gave a long, low, little whistle of surprised compulsion, and began moving about, rubbing his hands together softly, and smiling to himself. He swayed his slender shoulders as he walked; the im-pu'se to dance was in his knees.

He stopped before her, and was not un erved by the vexed and flushed counte nance she reluctantly turned to him. "As you have said," he began, with painstaking deliberation, "the situation is not commonplace. But are we in complete agreement as to its character? Will you pardon me the question-ought I still to address you as Miss Savage?" She bowed assent, and he altered hi oice to a whimsical affectation of wistfulness; "I never knew your first name!"
"It is immaterial—surely," she replied,

ith brevity.
"At all events, we have a definite Miss Savage—and she seems entitled to the in-formation that I don't know Mary, that I formation that I don't know Mary, that I have never even heard of Mary, and that I am not Laurence Mole."

The lady preserved a tranquil face, but her gaze with which she held Passy deepened and hardened, "This doesn't impress me as altogether nice, you know," she remarked, between tightened lips.

The courage vanished from Passy's posture. He held out his hands imploringly, and bent forward as it to kneed. "I swear to you," he urged, "hat until a minute ago—when you spoke of your sister—it never crossed my mind that you were mistaken about me!—how could it!—nothing led to it?—we talked about our meeting—it was all so natural—"

"And you are really not Mr. Mole?" she interrupted him, util be more regular if you told me who y a vere."

"My name is Pars, he said, dolefully—"Tyndall Passy."

She nodded almost amiably. "I have heard the name. Tou ye the connoisseur—the gentleman who knows all about art and artists. Then you wall probably know among other things where Mr. Mole is?"

"On his way to Malaga. I have his address there—I am forwarding letters. I can send a telegram to meet him."

"And you"— she left the subject of Mole with a dawning smile—"I used to hear of have never even heard of Mary, and that

An Expert's Directions as to Prepar-

The chief characteristics of a Christmas dinner table should be brightness and glowing color. On this account table decorations in which red and green are skillfully combined are very effective for a Yuletide

The cloth may be of white satin damask. The centerpiece is a round of white satin embroidered in a design of holly leaves and berries. On this centerpiece rests a huge bowl of holly with its glossy green leaves and scarlet berries. From beneath this bowl stretch streamers of broad red satin ribbon to the four corners of the table. each corner the ribbon ends in a large bow, in which is fastened a bunch of holly. The candle shades are of deep red, and cast a warm glow upon the white cloth. Bouton-nieres for the gentlemen are sprigs of holly, while deep red Jacqueminot roses form the ladies' corsage bouquets. White and green or white and gold china is pretty upon a table thus laid, although any dishes may be used that will not contrast unfavorably with the red and green decorations.

A menu for a Christmas dinner may be

Caviare Toast Cream-of-Beet Soup. Smelts, Butter Sauce. Fried Potatoes. Sweetbread Pates Roast Turkey stuffed with Oysters. Cranberry Jelly. Sweet Potato Croquettes.

Lettuce.
Crackers. Cheese. Olives. Salted Almonds
Mince Ple. Biscuit Tortoni. Fruit. Coffee. Creme de Menthe.

While the manner of preparing many the dishes mentioned in this menu may familiar to the average housekeeper, t receipts for making some of them may unfamiliar. Moreover, it is convenient to have all the receipts for the different viands to be served at a dinner party at-tached to the menu, as the cook or house-keeper has then everything directly under her eye, and need not take the time to look up the necessary directions in various cook books. Therefore, there will be found be-low receipts for all the dishes mentioned in our Christmas menu, with the exception of the ices, which are furnished by a caterer. Caviare Toast.-Spread strips of buttered toast with the contents of a can of caviar made into a paste by mixing it with three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Squeeze few drops of lemon juice on each piece, and

Cream-of-Beet Soup .- One quart of beets. one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of but-ter, two tablespoonfuls of flour. Scrape the skin from the beets and put them on to boll in a pint of water. Cook until ten-der, when the water in which they were boiled should be of a deep crimson hue. Chop the beets and press them through a stir slowly on them the scalding milk. Stir over the fire until the mixture thickens, then add the beet puree. Season with salt and white pepper. If properly prepared, this soup will be rose-pink in color and

very pretty.

Fried Smelts.-Dry the smelts between the folds of a soft linen towel, dip them in egg and cracker crumbs, and leave them in

Butter Sauce.-Stir and beat six tabl spoonfuls of butter with a fork until like very thick cream. Beat into this two table-spoonfuls of finely minced parsley. When the sauce is pale green add a teaspoonful of lemon julce, a teaspoonful of onion julce, salt and paprika to taste. Whip all to-gether for five minutes before turning into small cut-glass or china howl Pass

Sweetbread Pates.—In making the pastry Sweetbread Pates.—In making the pastry for the dinner, enough should be prepared to serve as crust for the pates and for the mince pie. Chop three-quarters of a pound of firm butter into one pound of chilled flour. The chopping bowl, knife, rolling pin, board and pie plate must be cold. When the butter is chopped into they bits, pour into the bowl a generous half pint of iced water. Stir all to a dough with a large

into a sheet half an inch thick; roll out, double up and roll out again; fold once more and roll out still again, always lightly and quickly. Three rollings out should be sufficient to thoroughly incorporate the butter into the flour. Now divide the pastry into two parts, putting one-half away in the ice chest to keep cold until

away in the fee class to keep con that needed for the pie. Line pate pans with the remaining pastry, greasing the tins thor-oughly. Fill with the sweetbread mixture, and bake to a delicate brown in a quick Filling for Pates .- Parboil and blanch the sweetbreads, and cut (not chop) into small pieces. Cook together one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and when they bubble, add slowly, stirring all the time, one cup of rich milk or cream. When this boils, pour it very slowly upon 2 eggs beaten light. Return to the fire, add the sweet

the mixture away to get cold before filling the pastry shells.

Roast Turkey With Oyster Stuffing.—

Make a stuffing of fine bread crumbs,minced parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and large spoonful of melted butter. Chop thir ty oysters fine, and mix thoroughly into the ty oysters fine, and mix thoroughly into the bread crumbs. If' the mixture prove dry, mix with a little of the oyster liquor. Fill the craw and the body of the turkey with this stuffing, sew up carefully, bind the legs and wings close to the body, place in a baking pan and pour a large cupful of boiling water over the fowl. Roast fifteen min-

ties to the pound, basting often.

Cranberry Jelly.—Stew a quart of cranberries in a half pint of water until soft and broken. Rub through a colander, re-turn the juice to the fire, add a pound of granulated sugar, and when this is dis-solved pour into a jelly mold wet with cold water, and set aside to form.

Sweet-potato Croquettes.—To two cups of warm mashed sweet potato add a table-spoonful of melted butter, a little salt and pepper, a tiny pinch of nutmeg and one egg. Mix all well together, form into croquettes, roll in egg and cracker crumbs, and set aside until firm and cold. Fry in deep fat.

Broiled Quail.—Clean the birds, split them

down the back, and lay in cold water for half an hour. Wipe dry, and broil on a grid-iron over a clear fire. Remove to a hot dish, place a lump of butter on each bird fore serving.

Lettuce.—Wash and carefully pick over

the lettuce.—wash and carefully pick over the lettuce. Serve with French dressing made on the table. For this dressing use four tablespoonfuls of oil, two of vinegar, a few drops of onion juice, pepper and salt to taste.

Mince Pie.—As every housekeeper has he

Mince Pie.—As every housekeeper has her own particular receipt for mincemeat, it seems hardly necessary to give her directions for the preparation for this sine quanon of our Christmas dinner. The mincemeat should, of course, be prepared and packed away in a stone crock several weeks before it is to be used, that it may mellow and ripen. It should be moistened with a little sherry and brandy when the crock is

Roll the pastry into a sheet about an eighth of an inch thick, cut into a round, and fit into a large deep pie dish. Handle very lightly. Fill the dish with the mincemeat, and lay across the top of the pie a trelliswork made of strips of pastry an inch wide. Bake in a quick oven until brown. Be sure that the bottom of the pie bakes quickly and thoroughly, or it will be soggy and moist. Serve hot. Salted Almonds.—Blanch the shelled al-

monds by pouring boiling water over them and allowing them to stand in it for five minutes. The skins will then slip off easily minutes. The skins will then slip off easily. Spread them on a broad platter, and set in the sun or in the plate warmer until dry. Turn into a large bake pan, pour over them two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and stir the nuts about until every one is coated and shining with the oil. Set in a hot oven until they are of a light brown color. Stir them they are of a light brown color. Stir them about every few minutes, that all may get evenly browned. Turn them, while still hot, into a colander, and sprinkle with the finest table salt. Shake the colander briskly for several minutes after doing this, to dislodge the superfluous salt, Set the almonds in a cold room to become crisp.

From the Detroit Free Press. She-"Would you love me just the same dearest, if I were poor instead of worth

He-"I have registered a solemn vow

never to discuss the financial question

KINGSLEY'S DAUGHTER

Lucas Malet, the Name Under White She Writes.

From the Chicago News. Now that the smart set is beginning to read and talk about Lucas Malet's "Carissima," it is possible that a few of the misconceptions and mistakes about that

writer may be cleared up. Reviewers will cease in time their ally sions to "Mr." Malet. The mendaciously knowing person who informed us not long ago that the author of "The Wages of Sin was "a Buffalo lady" at present living in the Isle of Wight, will build his future romances on other foundations; it is even possible that the New York critic may blush for having printed Lucas Malet's

authors." Lucas Malet is the nom de plume of a woman-Mary Kingsley, daughter of the tamous Charles Kingsley, and now the wife of the Rev. William Harrison, rector of Of the Rev. William Hartson, Clovelly, in Devonshire.

Mrs. Harrison has demonstrated in her literary career at least two things. First.

name in a list of "favorite American

that it is possible for an author to be ly read, keenly appreciated by the best critics, besieged by offers from publishers, and yet refrain from writing, eight years having elapsed between the publication of the "Wages of Sin" and that of "The Carissima," while there were long intervals be-tween other works from the same pen. Secondly, that one may be a novelist of the first rank and yet avoid individual pub-licity. Mrs. Harrison herself would be the last to quarrel with misconceptions as to her identity. Whatever her methods and one is tempted, with apologies to the Mrs. one is tempted, with aponogies to the Mrs. Burnetts, to believe them negative in char-acter-she has hitherto almost altogether escaped the paragraphist and even in England little is known about her outside the circle of her intimate friends. Che of the dearly loved and carefully educated daughdearly loved and carsfully educated daugh-ters of Charles Kingsiey (christened, after his mother, Mary Lucas), she shared in the delightful houselife at Eversiey, pictured by Mrs. Kingsley in "Letters and Mem-ories," and married her father's curate and friend, William Harrison, afterward made rector of Clovelly, that picturesque Devon-shire village so well known et her. rector of Clovelly, that picturesque Decon-shire village so well known to the readers of "Westward, Ho!"—a village of a single street, "a winding, rocky pathway, pitch-ing headlong into the bluest sea in the world." Last year in "A Romance of Clov-elly," Kate Douglas Wiggin described for us afresh the quaint and charming village not built like unto other towns, but "flung up from the sea into a narrow rift between wooded hills," where it has clung for

In spite of her quiet and beautiful sur roundings, however, it is not the aspects of nature, but the urgent, complicated problems of human life which have most deeply impressed Mrs. Harrison. There are few touches of description in her books.

few touches of description in her books, little of outward nature.

Her first novel, "Col. Enderby's Wife," published in the early 80's, dealt with the marriage of a middle-aged colonel to the brilliant, soulless Jessie Pierce-Daunnay, and the pathos of the hero's awakening to be browledge of the feet that "contagt is and the pathos of the hero's awakening to a knowledge of the fact that "contact is not fusion." Then came "Mrs. Lorimer" and "A Counsel of Perfection," of wonder-ful charm and insight, studies rather than stories of a young widow and an old maid. These were followed by "The Wages of Sin." a novel less sensational than itself. Sin," a novel less sensational than its title, but of extreme power and appealing, to make use of a late phrase of Mr. Quiller-Couch, "not to a particular, but to a universal comprehension."

Now comes "Carissima," which concerns itself with the modern girl, and has already exhausted several editions

A Difficult Tank

From the Cincionati Enquirer. "It is indeed hard," said the melancholy gentleman, "to lose one's relatives."

"Hard?" snorted the gentleman of wealth "Hard. It is impossible."

"Did you read that touching story of the little boy who saved his mother from A

Filial Protection. From the Chicago Becord.

bloodthirsty lien?"
"No; how did it happen?"
"Why, a lion ate the little boy."